

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE: INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS

VOL. VI. NO. 45.

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 305.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING.

EASTMANVILLE, MICHIGAN.

EASTMAN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

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BUSINESS DIRECTORY-1857.

AUGUSTUS W. TAYLOR,

Judge of Probate for Ottawa County, Michigan. Office with the County Treasurer, Grand Haven.

Papers and business communications transmitted to the Court, through favor of H. D. Post, Holland, or left with Mr. Henry Brower, Grand Haven, will receive prompt attention.

Court days, first and third Mondays of each month. P. O. address, Ottawa Center, Ottawa Co. Mich.

JAMES P. SCOTT,

Clerk and Register of Ottawa County, Michigan, and Notary Public. Grand Haven.

TIMOTHY FLETCHER,

Treasurer of Ottawa County, and Notary Public. Grand Haven.

CURTIS W. GRAY,

Sheriff of Ottawa County. Grand Haven.

M. B. HOPKINS,

Prosecuting Attorney and Circuit Court Commissioner, for Ottawa County. Grand Haven.

JAMES SAWYER,

County Surveyor. P. O. Address, Eastmanville.

COMER B. SHAW,

Notary Public for Ottawa Co. Eastmanville.

R. W. DUNCAN,

Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery; also Agent for obtaining Bounty Lands, and collecting claims against the United States, in connection with a general agency at Washington.

Office third door below the Washington House, Grand Haven.

GROSVENOR REED,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. All business entrusted to me will be promptly and satisfactorily attended to. Residence, Charleston Landing, Ottawa Co., Mich.

J. B. McNETT,

Physician and Surgeon. Dr. McNett is now permanently located in this village, and will attend to all calls in his profession.

Office at the residence of Mr. Hiram Bean, corner of Washington and Water Sts., Grand Haven.

STEPHEN MONROE,

Physician and Surgeon. Office one door west of J. T. Davis' Tailor shop, Washington street, Grand Haven.

DR. L. A. ROGERS,

Surgeon Dentist. May be found during business hours, at his office, in Dr. Shepard's New Block, Monroe street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

CUTLER & WARTS,

Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, of all kinds, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Water street, Grand Haven.

ALBEE & HUNTING,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware Crockery, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Corner of Washington and Water Sts., Grand Haven.

HENRY GRIFFIN,

Commission Merchant and General Agt., Dealer in Salt, Flour, Dry and Green Fruits, Provisions, Family Groceries, Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, etc., etc., Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven.

W. D. FOSTER & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Hard and Hollow-Ware, Iron, and Manufacturers of Tin and Sheet-Iron Ware, foot of Monroe street, Grand Rapids.

C. DAVIS & CO.,

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes, etc., etc. Muskegon, Mich.

A. L. CHUBB,

Manufacturer of Plows, Cultivators and Grain Cradles, and Dealer in all kinds of Agricultural Implements and Machines. Agricultural Warehouse, Canal street, Grand Rapids.

FERRY & CO.,

Manufacturers of Lumber, and Dealers in all kinds of Merchandise, Provisions, Shingle Bolts, and Shingles. White River, Ottawa Co., Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHER,

Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchants, General Dealers in all kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, Grain and Provisions, Manufacturers and Dealers wholesale and retail in all kinds of lumber. Mill Point, Mich.

LAMONT MILLS,

THOMAS B. WOODBURY, PROPRIETOR. LAMONT, OTTAWA COUNTY, MICHIGAN.

OTTAWA IRON WORKS,

FERRYBURG, OTTAWA COUNTY, MICH.

WM. M. FERRY, Jr., Manufacturer of Stationary and Marine, high or low pressure Engines, Mill Gearing, Iron and Brass Castings.—Post Office address, Grand Haven, Mich.

1857. CUTLER & WARTS, 1857.

General Merchandise, Pork, Flour, Salt, Grain, Lumber, Shingles and Lath.

Water street, Grand Haven, Mich.

Niebuhr on Education.

"The more disordered the state of the world, the more needful is education; in an age growing old and decrepit, a simple world of ideas must be created for the child in which the mind may grow up strong and unclouded. A clear understanding can least be dispensed with, when the confusion of ideas and half-truths is greatest; it is exactly at such a time, that principles, which have been early implanted, and carefully watched over, so as to give all the strength of a prejudice, confer extraordinary power over the world without and that within."

This passage hits our time exactly. Never in the history of the world, was there so much confusion of ideas in social, political and religious philosophy as at the present; and never was so clearly defined the indispensable necessity of the best system of universal education,—an education to qualify the whole people for thinking independently and truthfully on all important subjects.—We are now in the transition period from selfishness to justice, from wealth to wisdom, from money to manhood, from hatred to love. The moral elements are in confusion and the well-being of future generations depends upon the kind of order that shall finally be established. History shows that the few cannot be trusted, and that the hope of the world is with the whole people. All, therefore, must be thoroughly educated. Schools good enough for the rich and cheap enough for the poor must everywhere be established. —People's Paper.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—Who doubts that birds love? Here is evidence from the *National Intelligencer*:

"A gentleman observed in a thicket of bushes near his dwelling a collection of brown thrushes, who for several days attracted his attention by their loud cries and strange movements. At last curiosity was so much excited he determined to ascertain the cause of the excitement among them. On examining the bushes he found a female thrush, whose wing was caught in such a way that she could not escape. Near by was her nest, containing several half-grown birds. On retreating a little distance, a company of thrushes appeared with worms and other insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother then to her young, she in the meanwhile cheering them in their labor of love with a song of gratitude. After watching the interesting scene until curiosity was satisfied the gentleman relieved the poor bird, when she flew to her nest with a grateful song to her deliverer, and her charitable neighbors dispersed to their usual abodes, singing as they went a song of praise."

BE GENTLE AT HOME.—There are few families, we imagine anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father or brother, will speak harsh words to those he loves best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely, at times, to his wife or sister than any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family circle than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindness and politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not so to be. The man who, because it will not be resent, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearth-stone, is a small coward, and a mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.—*Life Illustrated*.

RETURNING ANSWERS.—Hear the story of the child which went forth into the mountain ravine. While the child wandered there, he called aloud to break the loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He called again, and as he thought, the voice again mocked him.—Flushed with anger he rushed to find the boy who had insulted him but could find none. He then called to him in anger, and with all abusive epithets—all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to his mother and complained that a boy in the woods had abused and insulted him with many vile words.—But the mother took her child by the hand and said: "My child, these names were but the echo of thine own voice. Whatever thou didst call was returned to thee from the hill side. Hadst thou called out pleasant words, pleasant words had returned to thee. Let this be thy lesson through life. The world will be an echo of thine spirit. Treat thy fellows with unkindness, and they will answer with unkindness; with love, and thou shalt have love. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clouded day; carry about thee a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses."

Misfortune was his crime—success would have silenced censure.

From the New Jerusalem Messenger.

"The True Heart grows not Old."

Ah, no! the truthful, trusting heart,
Through ever-varying years,
Untainted by the wiles of art,
Even in this vale of tears,
Never grows old;
The fresh, pure love of blushing youth,
In man's maturer mind,
When blended with the good of truth,
Is constant, warm, and kind,
Nor waxes cold.

True hearts are always fair and young—
From them remorseful tears
Can never in ruthless taunts be wrung,
Nor yet unwonted fears.

Surround with gloom;
For, joined in a congenial bond,
Misfortunes leave no stain;
And should a dark'ning cloud abound,
They but unite again
In brighter bloom.

The humble intellectual soul,
That is attuned to good,
Will still in every annual roll
Of Time's eventful flood,
Renew its truth;

And tho' the years reach full four-score,
And furrowed be the brow,
It still retains the love of yore,
Which glows as warmly now
As then in youth.

And should the locks be silver'd o'er
By frosts of worldly care,
Or, feebly treading on life's shore,
Betray the weakness there
Of coming age;

The pure affections of the heart
Still add a radiant charm
To fragile forms, and thus impart
A cheerful ray as warm
As early stage.

'Tis not the twain made one that need
The diamond soil and pearly flood,
To plant and germinate the seed,
And rear the truth in good
Of wedded love;

These are the offspring of the soul,
Which love and wisdom have
Endowed with heat that grows not cold,
And is and ever was
From God above.

This sunshine of the peaceful breast
Has heaven for its home,
And even in this world is blest,
But after death will roam
Where sands of gold,
And limpid streams, and verdant lawns,
And ever-blooming flowers,
And love's perennial morning dawns,
And souls in youthful dowers
Their empire hold.

July, 1857. GRANT.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.—One stormy night a few weeks since, we were wending our way homeward near midnight. The storm raged violently, and the streets were almost deserted. Occupied with our thoughts we plodded on, when the sound of music from a brilliantly lighted mansion for a moment arrested our footsteps. A voice of supreme brilliancy commenced a well-known air. We listened to a few strains, and were turning away, when a roughly dressed, miserable looking man brushed rudely past us. But, as the music reached his ears, he stopped and listened intently, as if drinking in melody, and as the last sound died away, he burst into tears.

We ventured to enquire the cause of his grief.
For a moment emotion forbade utterance, when he said:

"Thirty years ago my mother sung me to sleep with that very song—she has long been dead—and I, once innocent and happy, am now—an outcast—a drunkard—despised and shunned."

"I know it is unmanly," he continued, after a pause, in which he endeavored to wipe away with his sleeve, the fast falling tears.—"I know it is unmanly to give way, but that sweet tone brought back vividly the thought of childhood. Her form seemed once more before me in all its loveliness—I can't stand it!"

And before we could stop him, he rushed on and entered a tavern door near by, to drown remembrance in the intoxicating bowl. While filled with sorrow for the unfortunate man, we could not help reflecting upon the wonderful power of music. That simple strain, coming perchance from some gay and thoughtless breast, had its gentle mission, for it stirred deep feeling in an outcast's heart, bringing back happy hours long gone by.—*Albany Knickerbocker*.

The true secret of literary success consists in knowing how to listen well. He that is too proud to bow his head upon his breast sometimes, or too indolent to be in earnest always, can never hear the beat of his own heart, which is the key-note of the only tune that will reach the heart of the world.

Even amid the ceaseless din of Earth's great overture, one can catch this note, like the music and the light of a dove's white wing in the stormy heaven, if he has only learned to listen. And if not there, let him go away by himself, where he can hear the pulses of Nature's bosom and his own, and when he writes them down "in score," and gives them to the world, it wonders at the magic of the man, who thus, from out the loneliness, can syllable his thoughts.

He's Nobody but a Printer.

BY N. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

"Oh! he's nobody but a printer," exclaimed Miss Ellen Dupree, a flirting and foppish girl, to one of her female friends, who was speaking in terms of praise and commendation of Mr. Williams, a young and intelligent printer.

"Well, Miss Ellen, you seem to speak as though a printer was not entitled to respectability. I hope you will explain yourself," replied Miss Mary Crossman.

"Well I hope you will excuse me. I do not think it becoming for a young man who has to work for a living to try to move in the society of those who are his superiors. And moreover, he might win the affection of a girl superior to him, in worth or rank; and then do you think her parents would be pleased; I know I would rather be an old maid all my days, than marry a poor printer, a man who has to toil day by day, and then, oh! think of being ranked among the poor!" whined out Miss Dupree.

"Then you think that they are beneath you?"

"Yes ma'am, of course."

"Both in worth and intellect, too, I suppose, do you?"

"Yes, everything."

"Are you superior to Franklin, to a Blackstone, a Campbell, and many other eminent men who were printers? Or do you believe your intellectual powers soar above those of a Greeley, or a Willis, and many other distinguished visitors of the present day?"

"Oh, now and then you may find a respectable one; but they are few and far between. As for Mr. Williams, I do not think him a Franklin or a Blackstone, or anything else much."

"Nor do I consider him a Franklin, or a Blackstone, either; but I do think him a very intelligent handsome young man, and I expect to treat him as such."

"Well, I expect to consider him beneath my notice."

"Now, Miss Dupree, I think you ought to reflect upon what you are saying, and have respect for my feelings. You know not what you may come to before you die."

"Well, I don't believe I will ever come to be the wife of a printer, or anybody who has to labor; nor do I intend to countenance such, either."

Miss Crossman remained silent for some time, while her face reddened with indignation.—Mr. Williams was her lover, and a very good looking man he was. He was of ordinary size, fair complexion, dark hair, and whiskers jet black, and a high and prominent forehead, lively and intelligent in conversation, and fluent and affable in his address.

A gentle rap was heard at the door, and the servant immediately announced Mr. Williams.

He entered the parlor, and Miss Crossman arose and introduced him.

"Miss Dupree, Mr. Williams."

"Miss Dupree affected to be polite, she returned a slight bow, and coolly said:

"Good evening, sir."

Mr. Williams and Miss Crossman conversed freely, mostly on literary subjects, upon which both were well posted; and of course, they entertained each other pleasantly, while Miss Dupree sat as though she was in despair, and now and then giving a lazy nod of assent to anything said to her.

Mr. Williams was gone, and Miss Dupree turned to Miss Crossman and said—

"Mary I am really astonished at you.—You are certainly in love with that fellow. Well, you may do as you like, but I can assure you, I'll never condescend to keep company with a printer," mumbled Miss Dupree.

Miss Dupree took her leave, and Miss Crossman was left to think of love and matrimony, and future bliss.

SEQUEL.

Ten years were past. A man and his wife were seated before a blazing fire. The evening was extremely cold, and the wind blew fierce and keen. Yes—and the editor of the "*Tribune*" was housed with his wife in their stately mansion, furnished in the finest style, and lighted brilliantly with costly chandeliers. They were the parents of four intelligent and interesting children. It was an hour after sundown, and the bell had rang for tea. A rap was heard at the door, and upon opening it, there stood a woman pale and dejected, apparently not far from the grave. She had with her three ragged children, shivering with cold. The gentleman and lady asked them in to the fire.

"Sir," said the poor woman, "will you be pleased to give me a little money to buy some bread for my hungry children. My husband has been drinking for the last three weeks, and left me without a morsel to eat for these poor innocents, or any fuel to keep them warm, and they wept bitterly."

"Where do you live, ma'am?" said the gentleman.

"In the garret of the Phoenix hotel, sir."

"How long has your husband been addicted to drink?" asked the gentleman's wife.

"About three years."

"Madame," rejoined the generous editor, "I am really sorry for you, and of course,

shall bestow upon you such charity as you deserve. Will you relate your misfortune? I always feel a deep sympathy for the unfortunate."

"Mine is a sad story. I was brought up in affluence; my father was a wealthy merchant in Chatham street, my husband was also rich when we were married. We took a tour to Europe and returned home and we lived happily and prosperously for two years. Mr. Brooks was a gay fashionable young man. He spent money freely, and he lived extravagantly. Three years more and he was considerably on the declining ground, and finally by high living and unnecessary expenditures of money, we were dispossessed of our home and reduced to abject poverty, and then my husband took to drink, and now I am a beggar, with children depending upon my success for a living. And as such, I beseech you in behalf of my poor little children, to bestow such charity as you feel disposed to grant."

Her story was soon told, and met a kind response from a generous heart. The lady of the house recognized the poor woman; but she did not feel disposed to make herself known, but ushered them into the dining room, and sat down with them to a hot supper.

"Madame," said the lady, "what was your maiden name?"

"Ellen Dupree."

"Oh! Ellen have you come to this?"

The poor woman was so overcome with gratitude and surprise, that she could not utter a word. She thought her's a familiar voice; she had heard it before, but she could not remember when or where; and after a long time she murmured—

"I think I have known you in time past, but I cannot remember your name. What is your name, my good lady?"

"Mary Crossman was my name when I knew you."

"Mary who?"

"Crossman."

"My God. Who is your husband?"

"Oh! he's nobody but a printer."

The poor woman remembered being introduced before her marriage, to Mr. Williams; and she remembered, too, how cold and indifferent she treated him on that occasion.—Yes, nobody but a printer, went like a dagger to her heart. That printer was her benefactor and friend. Young ladies, you marry an industrious and intelligent [Printer] man, and become wealthy in your old age and you will do well, but if you marry a vain, foppish dandy of the codfish aristocracy and non compos mentis order, and should be brought from affluence in youth, to beggary in old age, you do worse.

Remember that, ladies; and make the proper improvements.—*N. Y. Exp. Mess.*

Among certain fine lines contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for September, we find the following couplet, which gives to prayer, if for once it may be 'quoted,' a decided downward tendency!

"I watch to see from out the twilight gray,
Pale stars look down, like eyes of saints who pray."

Unless the poet's "saints" pray one way and look another, the fewer answers they receive, the more will they be blest.—*Chicago Journal*.

The oldest pastor in New Hampshire, according to the *Congregational Journal*, is the Rev. Laban Ainsworth, of Jaffrey, where he was settled in 1782. He has therefore been the accredited minister of the place over three quarters of a century. In the afternoon he walked to the meeting and was able to hear the discourse, which was preached by his colleague.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake butter-cups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under the ground.

"NOT ALL OF LIFE TO LIVE."—The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, drink and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and light; to pace around the mill of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and thought into an implement of trade; this is not life! In all this but a poor fraction of the unconsciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber, which make it worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty and goodness, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart—the tear which freshens the dry wastes within—the music that brings childhood back—the prayer that calls the future near—the death which starts us with mystery—the hardship which forces us to struggle—the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment that ends in being.—*Chalmers*.

In darkest hours the sun sometimes gleams suddenly out in all its wonted radiance and splendor,—so it is in life. Its darkest hours are sometimes suddenly lit up with the sunlight of hope, illumining the whole sky of our existence.

The grand error of life is, we look too far; we scale the heavens—we dig down to the center of the earth for systems—and we forget ourselves. Truth lies before us; it is in the highway, and the ploughman treads on it with clouted shoes.